

A romantic couple is shown in a close embrace. The woman, on the left, has long dark hair and is wearing a black and white lace bodice with ruffles and black lace garters. The man, on the right, is wearing a white dress shirt with the top buttons open and a dark tie. They are both looking down at each other. The background is softly blurred, showing what appears to be a window with curtains.

**ALEXIS CELESTINE**

# SHEER

THE SECRET SEDUCTION

**Sheer**

*A Secret Seduction*

**Alexis Celestine**

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# Chapter One

“He’s gorgeous,” Kylie said and turned to look at her friend. “Do you think he knows?”

Carol couldn’t hold in the snort that turned to a laugh.

“For fuck’s sake,” she replied. “You ask me that every time we go out and you see someone you like.”

“Well...?” Kylie said and pouted.

“No, he doesn’t know,” Carol went on. “How could he? For that matter, how could anyone unless you told them?”

“Or showed them,” Kylie interrupted.

“Yeah, OK. Or showed them,” Carol conceded. “But assuming that you’re not about to strip naked in a nightclub and reveal your little secret, I’m guessing that no one will know. Anyway, just take a look at yourself.”

Kylie turned her gaze back to the bathroom mirror over the sink and stared at her reflection. She’d always had the pretty face of a girl, even if that wasn’t the way she was born. All through her youth she’d been mistaken for a female, and that was the way her mind worked—and the way she’d started to live her life as she got older.

“You are stunning,” Carol told her. “If I was a man, I would come on to you. You were gorgeous before you started the treatment, and now look at the curves it’s given you. I’m jealous of them, and your dirty little fetish for sexy stockings always makes your legs look fantastic.”

Kylie kept staring at herself in the mirror as she plucked a lipstick from her bag and applied the deep red to her lips.

“If you really want to catch that guy’s attention, just flash those pretty stocking tops at him,” Carol went on. “Guys are suckers for that.”

“I might just do that,” Kylie replied with a smile as she turned to look at her friend. “Come on, let’s get back out there and have some fun.”

“Now you’re talking,” Carol said.

Kylie kept a lookout for the guy she'd been making eye contact with for the ten minutes or so before going to the ladies' room and saw that he was still hanging around at the bar when they returned to their table. She waited until he was looking in her direction and on purpose flashed her stocking tops when she sat down. The glimpse she gave him was over in seconds as she wriggled around on the seat to ease the hem of her skirt down, but there was no doubt it got his attention more than ever.

"Dirty tease," Carol joked as she leaned in closer.

"You fucking told me to do it," Kylie hissed.

She was suddenly aware of the man walking in their direction, and she tightly grasped her friend's hand.

"Hi," he said, smiling as he approached the table. "I saw your glasses were almost empty and wondered if I could buy you a drink."

"Oh well, I just saw someone I know," Carol said with a smile. She let out a laugh before going on. "But I'm sure my pretty friend here will be more than happy to accept a free drink."

Kylie clung to her friend's hand to prevent her from getting up, but Carol wasn't about to stop. She managed to extricate herself from the tight grip and stood up.

"I'll see you later," she said and quickly walked off.

"Was it something I said?" the man joked.

"Oh, umm, no," Kylie replied. "She's just crazy like that."

The man laughed, and she liked the sound of it.

"So...would you like a drink?" he asked.

Kylie looked up to see that he was even more handsome close up, and his dark brown eyes bore into hers. The fact that he was showing an interest made her pulse race, and she desperately wanted to get to know him.

"Sure," she said. "I'll have a vodka."

"Anything in it?" he asked.

Kylie nodded to the bottle of orange juice on the table and he got the message. She watched as he walked off toward the busy bar; it was a few

minutes before he managed to get service. When he paid for the drinks and got his change, he turned and moved back to the table. She tensed as he sat down and put the vodka in front of her.

“Thanks,” she said and smiled.

“I’m Matt,” he said and held out his hand.

“Kylie,” she replied as she shook it.

She noticed his glance down at her legs and guessed that the flash of her stocking tops had him wanting more. It raised the tension that she was feeling another notch, so she reached for the bottle of orange juice to pour into the vodka and then took a drink.

“Is this where you normally come for a night out?” Matt asked.

“Mostly,” Kylie replied. “I like the music they play here.”

“Listening or dancing to it?” he asked with a grin.

Kylie shrugged her shoulders and laughed.

“Both, I guess,” she said. “Carol isn’t much of a dancer though, so I don’t get on the dance floor that often.”

“Carol?” Matt queried.

“The so-called friend that just ditched me,” she joked.

“Oh yeah,” he said. “I like her. She knows when to make an exit.”

Kylie laughed.

“Yeah, I guess so,” she agreed. “Are you here with friends?”

Matt shook his head and laughed.

“My so-called friend ditched me before the evening even got started,” he replied. “Something came up and he couldn’t make it. I was already dressed and looking forward to a night out, so I just decided to go for it. Now I’m glad I did.”

Kylie glanced at him and saw the smile on his face. That, along with his last comment, made her heart race even faster, and she wondered what she was about to get herself into. As the drinks flowed, she started to relax and

found that she liked being in the company of Matt. They continued to chat easily, and he moved closer each time he sat down after a trip to the bar until their legs were pressed tightly together. She was all too aware of the alcohol starting to take effect, and slowing down seemed like a good idea.

“So...do you dance?” she asked.

“I’m no great shakes,” Matt admitted. “But I have been known to.”

Kylie slid forward on the seat to allow her stocking tops to show again and noticed the interest it received. The hem of her skirt slipped back down as she stood, and she held out her hand. She was the one to lead the way through the crowd of revelers to the dance floor, and she wondered where Matt’s gaze was. She suspected it was on her ass or the hem of her skirt, and she saw his gaze was lowered when she turned. Letting go of his hand, she began to move her body to the music and watched as he did the same.

“You’re not bad,” she said and laughed.

Matt moved forward to bring his mouth close to her ear and his hand to her hip.

“I’m not quite in your league,” he said and laughed.

Kylie was all too aware that his touch remained on her hip when he moved his head back, and when he did the same with his other hand, he tried to pull her closer. She swung her arms around his neck as they eased into the rhythm but kept the gap between them. It became obvious that Matt wanted his body pressed against hers when he kept gently tugging at her hips, and her nerves got the best of her. She released her grip on his neck and spun around as she let their bodies come together.

His crotch pressed against her butt as he grabbed at her hips again, and she let out a rush of breath as they began to grind to the music. It was turning her on and she could sense her exhilaration climbing. The closeness of their bodies was definitely having an effect on Matt, and she shivered at the fact that he was unable to control himself. His erection stiffened a little against her ass and she liked the feel of it. She was letting herself get carried away, but when Matt ran his hands down her legs to the hem of her skirt, she moved away. He only grinned at her as they continued to dance, and she suspected that he might share her fetish for pretty stockings.



They finally moved off the dance floor and walked back to the table. Kylie hoped that Carol would be sitting there again, but it was still empty. She threw herself down and was all too aware of how close Matt sat beside her. Their thighs were pressed together, and she could make out the warmth of his leg on her skin. She picked up her glass to take a long drink. Her nerves showed again; she enjoyed the attention of a handsome man, but she wasn't sure how far she would let it go.

"So...what are your plans for the rest of the night?" Matt asked.

Kylie tensed as his words came out. His hand dropped to her thigh as he looked at her, and his fingertips brushed softly across the hem of her skirt. The touch sent a shiver rippling up her leg, and she tried to hold back the flush of arousal it started.

"I don't..." she started.

Her words stopped as Matt's fingers slipped under the hem of her skirt. She glanced around, but there was no one paying attention to them and the action was hidden under the table.

"Stockings are such a turn on," he said as his fingers reached the silky tops.

"You like them?" Kylie asked in a hushed tone.

"Yes," Matt replied quietly.

His touch teased from nylon to smooth skin and back again. Kylie held her breath as she began to lose the struggle to contain her excitement. She suspected that Matt's erection was coming to life again as the tease of his touch continued, but the panic came out as he ran his fingers higher up her thigh.

"I need to find Carol," she blurted as she placed a hand on her leg to stop him from exploring any higher.

"Oh yeah...I'm sorry," he said as he eased his hand out from under her skirt.

"No, it's..." she started and then wasn't sure how to explain why she stopped him.

"It's OK," he said and smiled.

Kylie grabbed a pen and paper from her bag and wrote down her phone number.

“Call me,” she said as she got to her feet.

“Sure,” Matt said and smiled again.

She wasn’t sure he would, but her only impulse at that moment was to get away. She cursed herself for stopping him but wasn’t sure how he would have reacted if his hand reached her panties.

“Let’s go,” she said when she found Carol drinking at the bar.

“You fucked it up, didn’t you,” her friend said.

“Shut up,” Kylie replied and then shook her head. “Yes, I fucked it up.”

“What did you do?” Carol asked.

“I let him get his hand up my skirt to play with my stocking tops,” she admitted.

“Sounds hot,” her friend said and laughed.

“It was,” Kylie said. “Then I panicked when he tried to touch higher on my leg.”

“You’re gonna have to let a guy find out sooner or later if you want to be with one,” Carol told her.

Kylie let out a sigh.

“I know,” she said. “But....”

“But what?” Carol asked.

“Oh, I don’t know,” Kylie replied in a despairing tone.

Carol couldn’t help but laugh.

“So another man falls by the wayside,” she teased.

“I gave him my phone number,” Kylie said.

“What?” Carol went on. “And you think he’ll phone after you bailed on him.”

“I really like him,” Kylie admitted.

“Come on,” Carol said and put a hand around her friend’s shoulder. “Let’s get you home.”

“Will you...?” she said. “You know...do it when we get there?”

“It’s not my job to help you out when you let a guy get you all horny and then run away from him,” Carol complained.

“But you do it so good,” Kylie said. “And you know you like it.”

“Shut up and let’s go,” Carol said.

They held hands and made their way toward the exit. When they got outside, they joined the line at a nearby taxi rank, and in a few minutes they were on the journey to Kylie’s apartment. Her mind returned to the touch of Matt’s hand under her skirt and the heat returned between her thighs. She shuffled around on the seat as the memories of the touch brought out her desire, and she was unable to hold it down.

They paid their fare when the taxi stopped and walked inside the apartment building. The elevator was at the ground floor, and they stepped inside as the doors opened. Nothing was said as they ascended, and they exited on the tenth floor and made their way along the hallway.

When Kylie let them inside, she walked straight to the bedroom and stripped off all her clothes except her stockings before settling down on the bed. Carol entered behind her and moved across the room to sit next to her. Her gaze settled on her friend’s face and then slowly moved lower to a pert pair of breasts. A smile crossed her face as she let her eyes travel over a toned midriff to the sight of a solid erection.

“You’ve got it bad for this guy, huh?” she teased as she reached out.

“Yes.” Kylie let out a rush of breath as fingers circled around her erection.

She didn’t have the nerve yet, or the money for that matter, to go through with the final treatments, and Carol’s touch on her swollen shaft made her shudder. It wasn’t the first time her friend had helped her get some relief after a night out, and she exhaled a slow breath as the hand stroked up and down.

“Wouldn’t it be better if it was his touch,” Carol said.

“Yes,” Kylie whined. “But he might not want to.”

“There’s only one way to find out,” Carol said and laughed.

Carol really did like what she was doing and was turned on as she played with Kylie’s cock. It always seemed dirtier helping her cute transgender friend because she knew that she would watch the cum streak across her pretty body, and she stroked with a firmer touch as the thought filled her mind. Kylie grabbed her breasts and dug her fingers into soft flesh as the shudders rippling through her body grew stronger. Her breath heaved as her excitement climbed, and she could feel the pressure in her balls climbing toward a release.

“Just think of what else a man could do to you,” Carol teased her friend as she continued working her hand up and down. “You could be on your hands and knees finding out what it’s like to be taken from behind.”

The idea of Matt doing that to her flashed through Kylie’s mind and the surge of arousal was strong. Her buttocks clenched as Carol stroked ever faster along her erect length until she couldn’t hold back. Her body arched up from the mattress as she lost control, and she groaned as the streaks of cum erupted from her body. They were strong enough to almost splash the underside of her chin as she pressed her head back into the pillow, and when the calm returned to her body, she looked down to see the white streaks coating her skin.

“That is so fucking dirty,” Carol said.

“You’re a bad girl,” Kylie teased her.

“You’re just lucky I am and that I like doing it or it would be your own hand,” Carol shot back. “Or would you rather it was your new boyfriend doing it.”

“He’s not my boyfriend,” Kylie said. A curse stuck in her throat as she berated herself for panicking and running out on Matt.

“He might call,” Carol told her.

“I hope so,” Kylie replied as she got up to walk to the bathroom.

## Chapter Two

“HE CALLED!”

Carol laughed at the panicked voice of her friend coming down the phone line.

“That’s a good thing,” she replied.

Kylie exhaled as she tried to gain control of her breathing.

“I just got off the phone with him. He wants to meet me tonight.”

“I hope you said yes,” Carol said.

“Of course I said yes!”

“And you’re telling me because...” Carol went on.

“I want to go shopping for a new outfit,” Kylie told her. “Can you meet me in town?”

“Sure,” Carol agreed. “Where?”

“At the Robertson Mall,” Kylie said.

The arrangements were made and they met in a café on the top floor of the mall. After ordering coffee, they made their way to an empty table to sit.

“So...what are you planning to buy?” Carol asked.

“Something pretty,” Kylie replied. “I want to look good for this date.”

“You really like him, huh?” Carol went on.

“He’s a nice guy,” Kylie replied. “I mean, he called me after I ran out on him.”

Carol nodded her head.

“So a cute dress and some sexy stockings,” she said and laughed.

“I got the impression at the nightclub that he has a bigger fetish for pretty nylon than I do,” Kylie went on.

“You two perverts deserve each other then,” Carol joked, laughing to herself.

They continued to chat while they finished their coffee and then walked out of the café to start shopping. They went in and out of a few stores before Kylie saw the dress.

“This one,” she said as she moved to the rack.

She brought out the light blue mini dress and held it against her body.

“Cute,” Carol said as she gave it a once-over. “Try it on.”

A few minutes later Kylie was staring at herself in the fitting room mirror. The blue material clung to her curves to show off her gorgeous figure, and the hem sat high to reveal enough of her shapely legs.

“You’ll be flashing your stockings all the time in that,” Carol pointed out.

“Yeah...so?” Kylie said and grinned as she caught her friend’s gaze in the mirror.

“You’re really going for it then?” Carol asked.

“I think so,” Kylie said.

“Make sure you don’t run out this time,” Carol went on.

“Yes, boss,” Kylie replied.

She wanted to say that she definitely wouldn’t but guessed that she wouldn’t know for sure until the moment came. After taking the dress off, she put her own clothes back on and went to pay for her purchase. They then walked to a nearby lingerie shop and spent some time looking around. Kylie eventually settled on a pair of tight blue panties and bra that almost matched the color of the dress as well as a pair of white holdup stockings.

“You’re going to look hot,” Carol said when they walked out of the store.

“Come and help me get ready,” Kylie urged her friend.

“Sorry, honey,” Carol replied. “I already have plans, so I’ll have to love you and leave you.”

“Anyone nice?” Kylie asked with a grin.

“My date isn’t as hot as yours,” Carol joked. “I promised to go help my mum with something.”

They made their way out of the mall and to a nearby bus stop. Carol's ride to her mother's home arrived first and they hugged before she got on.

"Phone me tomorrow," she said. "And no backing out this time, you hear me."

"Yes, boss," Kylie teased her friend.

Kylie's bus arrived not long after, and when she got home, she made herself something to eat. Her arrangements with Matt were to meet up in a bar they both knew at seven o'clock, and by the time she finished her meal, it was nearly five-thirty. She walked to her bedroom and stripped off her clothes to have a shower. When she stepped back out of the cubicle, she picked up a towel to dry herself. She then returned to her bedroom and sat on the bed to remove her purchases from the bags. Her excitement and trepidation came to life as she laid the clothes out, and the buildup to the date really got started.

Moving to the dressing table, she took out her hair dryer and used it on her long brunette tresses. Her hair hung down over one shoulder when she was finished, and she liked the way it looked. She then went about putting on her makeup. The dark eye shadow and black mascara brought her eyes to life, and some blush highlighted her cheekbones. Her appearance for a night out was never complete without lipstick, and a smile spread across her face when she finished putting it on. The vivid red sparkled on her lips and gave them a sexy appearance.

"Vampy slut," she teased her reflection, but her appearance was definitely hot and would get even sexier.

Returning to the bed again, she removed the pristine white stockings from the plastic wrapping and stroked her fingertips on the silky material.

"Nice," she said with a slow breath, and her touch on the sheer nylon made her shiver.

It was even better as she slipped the first stocking over her toes and worked it up her leg. It sent more shivers through her curvy figure, and they grew stronger as she stroked the other one into place. She then got to her feet to put on the tight blue panties and matching bra. The urge to see what she

looked like was too much to resist, and she walked to the full-length mirror in the corner of the room.

She liked the appearance that the lingerie gave her, and she ran her hands down over her breasts and even lower to her hips. When she went to put her new dress on, she saw that the hem covered her stocking tops and nothing more. She remembered Carol's comment earlier in the day about how she would be flashing her stocking tops all the time and a grin spread across her face.

"This is going to be fun," she said quietly as she looked at herself in the mirror again. "So just keep your nerve."

With that said, she moved back across the room to sit on the bed and put on a pair of strappy heels. They stretched out her legs when she stood up, which gave her an even sexier appearance, and she tugged at the hem of her dress to bring it down. A glance at her watch showed that it was now fifteen minutes after six, so she grabbed her coat and left the apartment.



## Chapter Three

Kylie arrived at the bar fifteen minutes before seven and walked inside to a quiet scene. Her heartbeat was hammering, and she tried to calm herself as she glanced around. There was no sign of Matt, so she walked over to the counter and considered sitting on one of the stools next to it. She realized that she would never keep her stocking tops covered if she did and decided to stand. The barman came over right away, and she ordered a vodka and orange for herself and a beer for her date. He walked in five minutes later and smiled when he saw her.

"I wanted to be here first," Matt said as he approached.

"I beat you to it and got you a drink," Kylie replied.

"You look beautiful," he went on as he leaned in for a kiss.

Kylie took in the fresh scent of his aftershave and a shiver trickled down her spine.

"Thanks for the beer," Matt said when he picked it up. "Let's grab a seat."

Kylie picked up her glass and followed him over to the booth in the corner of the room. It set them out of view of almost everyone in the bar, and she let her skirt hitch up her thighs when she sat. Matt's gaze locked onto the stocking tops, and he continued to watch as she pulled the hem of her dress down.

"I like the outfit," he said cheekily as he sat down opposite her. "Is it new?"

"Just bought it today," Kylie told him.

"Your figure looks gorgeous in it," he complimented her.

Kylie was aware of the growing tension that hung over them.

"I think you just like the stockings," she teased.

"Well...I won't complain if you keep flashing them at me," he shot back and a grin broke across his face.

"You might get lucky," Kylie replied.

"If I'd known that, I would've sat beside rather than opposite you," he said.

"I'm not stopping you," she told him and laughed.

It seemed that they were going to dispense with the small talk and start the night from where they left off before. Her nerves intensified as Matt moved from where he was sitting and stepped around the table to drop on the bench beside her. His gaze went to her legs, but she kept her stocking tops covered at first. She picked up her drink to take a sip and then put the glass back down.

“So...why did you call?” she asked.

“You gave me your number,” he said and smiled. “I thought you wanted me to.”

“That’s all?” Kylie went on.

“No,” he admitted. “I really liked you and was intrigued as to why you disappeared so quickly.”

“Oh,” was all Kylie could think to say.

She wasn’t about to admit to him right away why she stopped him from reaching his hand further up her skirt in the nightclub.

“Are you going to tell me?” he asked.

“Maybe,” she answered. “But not here. I’d rather do it in private.”

“Well, finish that vodka,” Matt told her. “My place isn’t too far from here. We can have a drink there...if you want.”

Kylie gulped nervously. Things were moving way faster than she expected. She’d planned to take Carol’s advice about not backing out, but actually doing it was more difficult than she imagined.

“Well...do you?” Matt asked when the silence stretched out.

Kylie knew it was now or never. If she bailed again, there wouldn’t be another phone call.

“OK,” she agreed.

“Great,” Matt let out enthusiastically.

They continued to chat as they finished their drinks, and Kylie could sense his obvious excitement infecting her mood. It was clear that he wanted her back at his apartment for more than just a drink, and she wondered how far things would go when he discovered the truth. That thought stayed in her

mind when they left the bar and made the ten-minute walk to his apartment. Her anxiety grew as they entered the building and moved to the elevator.

They were the only ones inside, and the kiss rocked Kylie's head back as the doors closed. She was trapped against the wall as their lips remained together, and Matt's fingers eased the hem of her dress higher until he could stroke his fingertips on the silky stocking tops.

"I've wanted to do that since I first saw you in the nightclub," he said in a hoarse voice when the kiss ended.

"Really?" Kylie replied.

"You were the most gorgeous girl in the place," Matt went on. "I'm glad it was me you spoke to."

Another passionate kiss pressed on her lips, and she shuddered as Matt's fingers kept brushing the silky nylon. She gasped as their lips parted.

"When you flashed the stocking tops at me, I knew I wanted to be with you," he said.

The ping of the elevator made them move apart, and Kylie eased her dress back down as the doors opened. There was no one there as he grabbed her hand to lead her into the hallway and toward a door. Matt fumbled for his keys in his pocket, and she saw the stirrings of an erection showing at the front of his pants. His urgency to get her inside brought out her arousal, and she was backed up against the wall when the door closed.

"I need to tell you something," Kylie said.

Matt ignored her words as he dropped to his knees and eased the hem of her dress up. He leaned in to kiss on her nylons, and Kylie groaned when the touch slid to her bare skin.

"Wait...I need to..." she tried to say.

Matt hitched her dress higher still and worked his hand right between her thighs.

"Fucking hell," he gasped as he touched her panties and felt the hardness of a growing erection.

He moved back and Kylie saw the surprised expression on his face.

“I’m sorry,” she let out and screwed up her face. “I should have told you.”

“Is that why you left the nightclub?” he asked.

“Yes,” she confessed. “I panicked that you might think....” She wasn’t sure how to finish the sentence.

“That I might freak out that you’re a transgender girl.”

“Yes,” Kylie said and paused. “Will you?”

He looked up at her.

“Well, some forewarning would have been nice,” he said with a grin. “But no, I won’t freak out.”

“What do you think?” Kylie asked.

“Show me,” he said.

“What?” she asked. “Really?”

“Yes, really,” he said as he got to his feet.

Kylie gasped as he tightly grabbed her hand to drag her into the bedroom. She glanced at Matt’s crotch to see that the signs of his erection were still showing through his pants.

“Show me,” he repeated.

Kylie shuddered as she grabbed the hem of her dress and hitched it up her body. She eased it over her head and dropped it on the floor. Moving to the bed, she removed her shoes and then stood again and reached for her stockings.

“Leave them on,” Matt urged her. “Your legs look gorgeous in them.”

She turned her back to him and eased her fingers under her panties to slide them down her legs and off. The arousal coursing through her veins was bringing her fully erect, but when she straightened up, she remained standing with her back to him. He came up behind her and swept her hair to the side to kiss her neck. His hands grabbed her ass, and she closed her eyes as his touch dug into her soft skin. A finger slipped between her cheeks to brush across her asshole and she groaned.

“I want to watch you play with yourself,” Matt said as he nuzzled her ear. “Feel how hard I am for it.”

Kylie shuddered as his raging erection pressed against her ass, and she worked her hips to grind against it.

“Do you want me to cum?” she asked.

“Fuck yes,” Matt let out.

“Pervert,” she threw at him, and she could hear his quiet laughter.

She turned and dropped to her knees in front of him. He grabbed at her bra to pull it down from her breasts as she reached to loosen the zipper and button of his pants. She dragged them down, and her excitement climbed at the way his erection throbbed against the thinner material of his boxer shorts. Her breathing grew ragged as she slowly eased them lower and saw his thickly swollen shaft spring to attention.

“You’re really getting turned on for this,” Kylie said as she looked up.

“This is the kinkiest thing I’ve ever done,” he said.

Kylie laughed as she reached out and circled her fingers around his cock. She pulled down to roll the foreskin off the slick head and saw the glisten of pre-cum. Matt groaned as she licked at it, and his cock throbbed all the more as her touch brought out a rush of hot blood. She glanced up again to see that she was being watched, and she held his gaze as she swept her tongue around his wet skin. The taste filled her mouth and made her hungry for more, so she kissed on the very tip. She parted her lips to let them slide lower, and Matt touched her head as his legs began to shake.

“Fuck,” he cursed as the pleasure flooded his body.

Kylie sucked in her cheeks as she began to bob her head with the blowjob. Her hand ran up his inner thigh to his balls, and she held onto them as she worked her mouth slowly up and down. She was caught up in the thrill of what she was doing and her movements quickened. Her pulse raced as her lips slid over bulging veins, and she tried to take more and more as she worked her mouth lower. She gagged as his cock fucked her throat, and she came back up to catch her breath. She brought her hand to Matt’s stiff shaft to jerk him off, but he stopped her.

“Get on the bed,” he told her.

Kylie removed her bra so that all she was wearing when she laid down were the white holdup stockings. She watched as Matt ripped off the rest of his clothes and got on the bed beside her. There was no need to ask what he wanted, and straightaway she put her hand to her erection and began stroking it. He reached out for her breasts, and his fingers brushed back and forth across her nipples to bring them fully erect as he watched what she was doing.

“Do it harder,” he urged her.

“You show me,” she said in a breathless voice.

His hand moved from her breasts, and she closed her eyes as it settled over her fingers. He set a faster pace as he made her stroke up and down, and she squirmed around on the bed as her body responded to the touch. She could feel herself being pushed closer and closer to losing control. Her mind went back to when Carol jerked her off after the night at the club and the cheeky comment that it would feel better if Matt was doing it. Now she knew that was true, and her body arched up from the mattress as the tension made her muscles tighten.

“Not yet,” Matt said as he pulled her hand away.

Kylie groaned as she was rolled onto her belly. The kiss on her legs made her shudder, and the sensation got better still when Matt nuzzled his lips on her stocking tops. His tongue came out to lick on the silky material and slide up to naked skin before moving lower again. His fetish for stockings came out as he kissed up and down her nylon-clad legs.

When his tongue finally moved higher, the tension gripped Kylie’s body. She pressed her face into the bedcovers as her ass cheeks were spread apart, and she squirmed as Matt’s tongue found her tiny puckered hole. His eager licks swept back and forth across it until it was soaked. She didn’t resist as he moved his hands under her hips and forced her onto all fours. It left her at his mercy, and she shuddered as his stiff cock rubbed along the crease of her ass. When her cheeks were spread apart again, she whimpered at the touch on her asshole.

Matt grunted as he increased his efforts, and his exhilaration climbed as the thick head of his erection stretched her tight asshole open wider. He eased his weight forward to slide deeper, and Kylie's whimpers grew louder.

"Yes...yes..." she exclaimed through clenched teeth at the pure bliss of the anal penetration. Her body shook as she was impaled by Matt's full length.

"Jerk yourself off again," he urged her.

She dropped her head to the covers to free her hands and grabbed hold to stroke herself. Matt reached around her waist to place his hand over hers and encouraged her into a faster pace as he kept his cock buried deep in her asshole. His other hand went to her stocking tops and stroked them as he helped to jerk off his pretty transgender lover. Kylie was unable to contain her arousal, and the creeping tension made her asshole tighten even more around his cock. The sensual onslaught began to overwhelm her, and her breath heaved as the burning pleasure climbed to a peak.

She let out a loud cry as the cum pumped out and splashed her naked body. Each sticky stream made her ass contract and pulse around Matt's cock, and she heard his groans as he enjoyed it. He pulled his hand away from hers but urged her to finish, and she kept stroking until her release came to an end. Her body was streaked in white and she let out a gasp.

Matt then reached to the front of her thighs and slid his fingers inside the stocking tops to hold her legs as he fucked her asshole. His lust for her came out as he threw himself forward with increasingly forceful thrusts, and Kylie pressed her palms on the bed to push her ass back. The rush of ecstasy still played within her body to make her tremble as the sex came to a high, and she groaned as the thick cock buried itself deep into her tight hole. It quivered inside her, and she groaned as the powerful flood of cum erupted.

Matt groaned as he gripped her stockings, and the nylon ripped as his body convulsed and writhed against her naked butt. It sent more shudders rippling through Kylie's body as each buck of his hips released another hot stream inside her until there was nothing left for him to give. He collapsed forward onto her and she slumped to the bed. She was all too aware of the gentle throbbing of his erection inside her cum-filled asshole as the power

faded from it, and she looked at him when he rolled to the side to lie beside her.

“You ripped my stockings,” she said.

“I’ll buy you more for the next time,” he said and laughed.

“Next time?” she let out slowly.

“Oh yes, next time,” he repeated. “Now that I’ve found you, there’s no way I’m letting you go.”

“Fuck,” Kylie cursed as she dropped her head on the pillow.

She heard Matt’s laugh and turned to him. The kiss pressed against her lips straightaway.

“We should get that drink now,” he said when their lips parted.

“I think I need it,” Kylie joked, but it seemed that she’d found a handsome man that wanted her for who she was, and she was going to enjoy the ride and see where it took her.



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